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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THREE POEMS

ALCHEMY

Since I have loved you
Every man I pass
Goes by me with some hint of you:
Some windy grace
Of your swift movement through the crowd;
Some similarity of up-flung brow
That lifts me with the thrill of mountains;
Some glance of eyes, like yours,
That whisper phraseless things. . . .
Since I have loved you
Every man I pass
Goes by me with some hint of you. . . .
Since I have loved you
Are you all men?
And has love made
All men
You?

THE HARLOT'S CHILD

She is a little downy
Baby-thing,
With eyes as quick as mirrors
To give back what she sees.

Susan M. Boogher

And she has a sidelong way
Of peeking in the corners
Of Life's eyes
As though she begged a chance
To please,
As though she promised
To agree.
She knows somehow the colors of the world
Are fast:
Chameleon of soul, she sets herself
To acquiesce.

WAR

I have forgotten
My old grief
Because you love me not;
I have forgotten
The slow rust
Of loneliness upon my soul;
I have forgotten
All my ways and woes of life;
I have forgotten
My life
Now!

Susan M. Boogher